# THE YPSI-SEM

THANKSGIVING
NUMBER
1912

VOLUME III NUMBER III

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# The Ypsi-Sem

VOL. 3 YPSILANTI, MICH., DECEMBER, 1912 No. 3


# LITERARY

## *Cooning Pumpkins*

Hallowe'en was drawing near, and the boys of the class had promised to obtain all the pumpkins that the girls would need for the party that was to take place that evening. They had asked for pumpkins and Mr. Lowe, a young man of the neighborhood, had said he had taken all of his pumpkins that he wished for and if they would come over on a certain afternoon he would go with them to the field and gather the remaining crop. There was a large number still left and an idea popped into one boy's head that it would be fun to go some night and "coon" these. Mr. Lowe would not care when he learned of it, but there would be the excitement and perhaps a chase if he saw them and did not recognize them. Then it would be a great joke when Mr. Lowe took them to the field and found it empty. So it was decided to go Monday night at half-past eight from Bert Hall's to the field.

But before the event took place, Mr. Lowe received knowledge of it and had a plan up his sleeve which he would enjoy a great deal better than the one planned by the boys.

Monday night came. At about eight o'clock six white figures glided into the field of pumpkins and stationed themselves among corn stacks which were scattered here and there about the field.

Half an hour later a group of boys entered the same grounds and amidst whispered and undertoned joyousness proceeded to "coon" pumpkins. One boy came close to a corn stack when a white shadow moved back and forth and an ear-splitting "O——u" went up. The boys stopped. What in the world was that? "O——u" "O——u". There it was again! The boys drew together in the center of the field. They waited. Nothing happened. "Oh come on, fellows, me are hearing things,—that was Old Maid Perkins' cat singing a solo!" one lad said and in a few minutes they were again at the pumpkins. But they did not scatter about as before until Lyon Smith took heart and stepped a few feet off for some extra large pumpkins he had seen. He had cut two when suddenly he felt a cold hand at the back of his collar and a white figure rose with a groan and he felt himself pulled quickly behind a corn stack. Then from all parts of the field arose groans, shrieks, yells of such unearthly sound that the boys' hearts stopped. They quickly gathered together only to find one of their number missing. Where was Lyon? Each mind held the question none dared utter. Had his disappearance anything in common with those yells? But Bert had seen him two minutes before right beside that cornstack. What should they do? Would they dare go look behind it?

Finally they gathered heart enough and in a group went forward. As they approached the corn stack, a circle of white figures was forming about them. Just as they reached the stack another yell went up and the boys, who by this time were slightly nervous, jumped and found themselves surrounded by white gliding figures, who, while the boys stood with shaking knees, gradually seemed to mass together and press upon them. Each boy felt himself

grasped by a cold, icy hand and heard nerve-racking yells uttered close to their ears.

Soon they found themselves being led across the field by these white figures who seemed to walk upon the air. Straight to the corner and out into the full glare of the street light the boys, with frightened looks upon their faces, were brought. Then from everywhere and nowhere boys and girls came rushing and the 'pumpkin cooners' found themselves free and facing, instead of the white figures, Mr. Lowe and five other young men holding bundles of white drapery. The boys looked at one another sheepishly and hurried away amidst the shouting and laughter of their mates.

Next day on their way to school they were met by such cries as : "How many pumpkins did you coon?" "Oh listen, the old maid's cat is giving a solo."
(Mr. Lowe had overheard this and thought it too good to keep to himself.-

Later the boys learned that Mr. Lowe had found out about their plan and had gotten his friends to join in the plot against them. He informed two boys of his intention and they had gathered a number of their class to come and enjoy the joke.

In the end the party came off with perhaps more merriment than it would have had otherwise, for the mere mentioning of pumpkin cooning never ceased to raise laughter and a few jokes.

# The Chinese Lily

The bird of silence had flown over the great temple and left it enchanted with its magic spell. There was no light save that given off by the burning incense before the huge statue of Buddha. Now and then the white robed priest came into replenish the sweet-smelling sacrifice. He made no noise as he glided over the paved sanctuary; he cast no shadow, for they were already so thick that the huge column could scarcely be distinguished, though it was midday.

Twice had the priest refilled the incense bowls and silently disappeared; but as he was performing this duty for the third time, the temple seemed to tremble on its foundations, a sudden gust of wind sighed mournfully among the ancient rafters, there was a loud clap of thunder, and then a rush of rain beat against the narrow, high windows. There was a tumult outside, then the sound of hurrying feet; the heavy door swung open and a crowd of terrified people filled the temple. A terrible storm was raging, the rice crop would be destroyed and millions of people famished. What was to be done? All was excitement, while the temple rocked to and fro, creaking and groaning with every movement; but the priest quieted the excited throng, and, bidding them kneel, arrayed himself in gorgeous vestments and offered sacrifice to the great God, to whom the temple had been dedicated. But all to no avail.. For two days they remained thus; and still the storm raged on, growing more furious with each hour. Then the priest consulted the oracle, and this was the reply: "A beautiful young girl, pure as a lily, must offer herself as a sacrifice to appease the angered God and save the people."

The crowd stared in astonishment, horror written on every face. Then from the center of the throng, stepped a young girl, tall, slender and wonderfully beautiful. Her cloudlike, pale green garments, shimmered dimly in the dusky atmosphere. There was a murmur from those who saw her, but she walked resolutely on, bidding the priest to prepare for the sacrifice. He reluctantly obeyed, and soon a fire was burning on the tiled altar, while the throng looked on in terrified silence. When all was prepared, she turned to bid them farewell, but they rushed forward, dragging her from the flames. Suddenly there was a vivid flash of lightning, a deafening roll ofthunder, the very earth seemed to rise and fall.

"Let me go, if you will be saved," exclaimed the maiden, who felt the call of her people and their God, and wrenching herself free, she leaped into the heart of the flame. The people stood dumb, staring wildly at each other. Before the silvery voice had died away, the storm seemed to have doubled in intensity. The great iron door was wrenched from its hinges and blown away like a feather. The crowd rushed out, and the temple swayed back

and forth. Again there was a heaving of the earth, and the terrified people fled from the mysterious building, and the wrath of the angry God.

Then, as suddenly as it had begun, the storm ceased. The sun rose high in the heaven, pouring its rays down upon the flooded earth.

The bird of silence had once more flown over the temple. Before the altar stood the sacrifice, a glow of white flame shot with pale green. For some moments, it burned thus; and then it wavered faintly and died, and, in its place, stood a slender, white flower, nodding its head on a pale green stem. Even in the dimness, it could be plainly seen, filling the interior with a sweet, strange odor, like that of burning incense, and the face of the colossal statue seemed to smile down on the frail plant. Buddha was appeased.

ELOISE KELLY, '14.

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The fact that the editor gave to the printer some papers not officially pronounced upon, is responsible for the delay in awarding the prize announced in a former issue.

The story seeming most meritorious proved to be the work of Eloise Kelly. Other praiseworthy stories are "The Beaver Hunt," by Henry Glover; "Mrs. Collins' Skeleton," by Janet Curts; "Cooning Pumpkins," by Elsa Gassman, and "Rescued by Gig-Wah," by Jessie Clemo.

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## The Turkey Gobbler's Fate

(Apologies to the Ancient Mariner.)

It's a turkey gobbler,
  And he stoppeth one of three.
By thy short drooped tail and glittering eye,
  Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The kitchen door is opened wide,
  And we are next, I hear;
The butcher with a long sharp knife,
  Will make his presence clear.

He holds him with his glittering eye,
  The turkey stood quite still,
And listens thus with all his power;
  The gobbler hath his will.

The butcher with a long sharp knife,
  Now stands at the open gate,
And while he gazes o'er our flock
  Decides for us our fate.

The gobbler' gobble on the tale,
  Of that yearly sad disaster;
When lo! they both are clutched in hand,
  And carried off in capture.

The guests are met, the feast is set,
  May'st hear the merry din;
For the turkey gobblers, finely dressed,
  Have just now been brought in.

RUTH MATTHEWS, '15.

# The Adventure of Dick Rose

The lumber camp at "The Narrows" in appearance resembled most camps of the kind. There were two shacks, both of which protected the men from the cold, exceedingly well. Trees and bushes closed so thickly around, that there seemed to be no issue; only a trail which was seldom travelled except when the lumber was hauled away.

One day during the latter part of February, the snow was falling fast, presenting a fairy-like appearance in this most desolate place, when an unknown man appeared. He was rough-looking, disheveled and unshaven; and though his clothes were worn threadbare, his boots were new, and of the best quality.

"Where is the boss?" he asked.

"He has gone to town, twenty miles from here," answered a young foreigner.

"When does he get back?"

"Not till tomorrow."

As lumber jacks are always hospitable, they allowed the stranger to remain over night. At the first appearance of the foreman the next day, he was requested to give the new man work, and being greatly in need of several workmen, was more than pleased to accept the services of Dick Rose.

Dick proved to be a faithful worker, though he never had anything to say to his associates. Every night after supper, all the men joined in a game of cards, except Dick who chose to read what little material was available, and then "put up for the night."

Day after day, Dick went through the same routine, never saying from whence he came, nor how long he intended to stay at "The Narrows."

Everyone knows that a mysterious person of this type always has some burden on his mind, and so did this man. Every night, unknown to the gang, he had taken from its place of concealment in his pocket, a photograph and studied it intently. He was positive it was the portrait of one of the men in the camp, a well built, intellectual man of apparently good common sense. All the men had wondered why such an intelligent man should be a common laborer, and yet they always reminded themselves that there are many diamonds among the rough stones. "Of course he won't stay long in this bunch 'cause he can get a better job," they always concluded. It happened that Sam Jenks thought the same thing, because, for some unknown reason, he became very restless and dissatisfied. At the close of a hard day's work on March 14, he decided to leave camp. Packing up his blankets, he had started on his journey when suddenly Dick stepped up to him and said, "You are the man wanted in Chicago by the police. You have stolen, bribed and forged to the amount of half a million." Sam tried to offer resistance but immediately the clack of the handcuffs was heard, and after three years of liberty he realized he had been discovered.

After his trial, he was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment, with a fine of $50,000. To the remainder of his plunder, he added his hard earned wages and went to prison feeling a great weight had been removed from his mind. When he had served fifteen years, he was sixty-five years of age and we are told on account of good behavior, he was released from the purgatory to which he had been in bondage for so long. Here ends our knowledge of Sam Jenks, who left the prison with a determination to finish his life in a clean environment, and attempt to live down his terrible disgrace.

MISS TAYLOR.

# *In the Library*

Of the thirty students who volunteered to be student assistants, seven were selected. Each one assists in the routine work of the library at a specified period every day. The last fifteen minutes they are to devote to their own improvement—to become better acquainted with the different classes of books and periodicals and also to study "Word's Practical Use of Books and Libraries." This is followed at intervals by written tests. Additional credit in English is given for satisfactory work done.

Instruction in the use of indexes, tables of contents, card catalog and classification has been given to several classes. One period is given to discussing one of these topics. During their class period the next day, they are given a practical test in the library. This work, with more topics to be considered, will be continued throughout the year and will be given to all English classes as a part of their regular work.

Look at the library bulletin board for a list of the weighty new books purchased this year. If you are taking chemistry, ask for "Dodd's Chemistry of the Household" or "Richard's Food Materials and their Adulterations." "Gibbs' Household Textiles" and "Hill's, the Up-to-date Waitress" will be of special interest to the Domestic Science girls. The History classes have at their disposal additional volumes of "Channing's History of the U. S.," "The Political History of England," and the first volume of "Cambridge Modern History." Some more copies of books on the reading lists were also ordered.

"The Promised Land" by Mary Antin appeared in the Atlantic Magazine before it was published in book form. Jacob Riis says of it—"I consider Mary Antin's book one of the wonderful books, not of this year or next, but of all years." This is one of your new library books. Have you read it?

Miss Newberry discussed "The Correlation of the Library with English Composition (graded)" at the meeting of the Library section of the Michigan State Teachers' Association held at Grand Rapids, November 1. In Moderator-Topics for November 14, this interesting talk is given verbatim.

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The stanzas which follow were written by Miss Jessie N. Hill, '87, of Detroit, and read by her at the Alumni banquet, June 14, 1912.

There are memories that overshadow me,
memories dearer to me
Than all the jewels of nations and all the
pearls of the sea.
And dear and more dear grow these memories
as the years so quickly flow;
Which take me farther and farther from the
scenes of long ago.

There are memories of the joys and pleasures,
which I hold as a happy gem,
There are memories of the frolics and pranks
that took place in the dear old Sem.
There are memories of the dreams we dreamed,
and of the ideals sought,
There are memories of the strifes and the
struggles, memories of the battles fought.

By our strength of purpose we conquered, by
our work and by our will
Did we meet and o'ercome all obstacles; all
duties and tasks fulfill.
Thus, was strength given, to prepare us for
what life brings,
And help us to live our motto, "Onward, onward to greater things."

As I look back through the vista of years to
the years that memory holds dear,
And think of our tasks and our labors that oft
times brought a tear
I feel that these lessons were given us, these
lessons of toil and strife,
To help us conquer ourselves and prepare us
for the duties of life.

As I look again to that time long ago, twenty-
five years and more,
I see things not all literary, that happened in
the days of yore.
For, Class of 1912 and all the Alumni here,
Let me tell you for the fun and frolic, eighty-
seven was always near.

Three cheesr for our Alma Mater, three cheers
for the dear Ypsi Sem
That we all love and prize and cherish as our
most precious gem.
May we to her be loyal, be loyal friends and
true,
And sing and echo her praises all of our long
lives through.

# The Ypsi-Sem

This paper is published monthly by the pupils of the Ypsilanti High School at Ypsilanti, Michigan, the board of editors being chosen by the faculty.

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**EDITORIAL STAFF**

Edward McRay.....Editor-in-Chief
Florence Matthews.....Literary Editor
Philip Boyce.....Associate Literary Editor
Ruth Cleary.....Joke and Exchange Editor
Willis Bellows.....Athletic Editor
Nat Hopkins.....Art Editor

**MANAGERS**

Lamar Kishlar.....Business Manager
Lawrence Brown.....Advertising Manager
Stanton D'Ooge.....Circulation Manager


## *Editorials*

We are what we make ourselves, not what we think we are. People estimate our worth by what we have done, not by what we say we will do. Our actions speak volumnes about our character. We can form good habits and bad ones. We can make ourselves agreeable or disagreeable. It all depends on the person.

Character is the main thing in life. It means everything in the way of a successful man or woman. Of course we cannot all be ideal men and women; if we could this would be a strange world; but we can live up to a high standard.

While we are in high school is the time to form our habits. If we develop will power and the power of concentration, we shall not be likely to go wrong. People usually act according to their habits. We may have good intentions and still be led astray, but as a rule we shall have foresight enough to see what is best for us.

———:o:———

The winner of the story contest for last month was not annuonced as it was undecided as to which was the best. But the decision was finally made in favor of "The Chinese Lily" by Eloise Kelly. It is very cleverly written and is very creditable to its author. The other stories were mostly all well written. At least they showed that there are a few people in Y. H. S. who still take interest in high school enterprises. We most heartily thank these people for their support and also praise their ability. We hope no one will feel hurt because he did not win for some one must lose in all cases and we must be good losers as well as winners.

———:o:———

## *Alumni Notes*

Dwight Wilson, '06, graduated from the Normal College in 1908, and after teaching two years in Charlexoix, entered the law department of the U. of M. By doubling in his course Mr. Wilson was enabled through good scholarship to complete the course at the close of summer school last August. He is now in Boyne City wehere he has accepted a position in a leading law office.

Mrs. Carrie German Parr, of Newcastle, Neb., with her litte daughter, Bernice, spent the summer with her mother, Mrs. Jerome German.

Rose Smith is teaching in Mancelona.

Lucile Strong is teaching in the Saline high school.

Leone Howe is teaching in the kindergarten in Owosso.

Helen Lamphere is teaching in the public schools of Evanston, Wyoming.

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We have been very pleased to receive in exchange the "X-Rays," "Messenger," "The Collegian," "The Pleiad," "Aesthetics," "Said and Done," "Beacon," Echo," "Tatler," "Ockshepherida," "Purple and White," "College Chonicle."

# School News

The Y. M. C. A. held a meeting Wednesday evening, the twentieth, in Room A. Messrs. Bellows, Tefft, and Robinson were elected to go as delegates to the Y. M. C. A. convention at Grand Rapids. Seckinger, Roorhees, and James were appainted a committee to collect the money to send these delegates. The constitution was also amended to have a meeting every second and fourth Thursday of each month at seven p. m. A motion was also carried that a committee be appointed to redraft the constitution as the old one of last year was lost. Tefft, Kishlar, James, Truesdell, Bellows and Hull were appointed. The president was instructed to appoint a program committee and after this one new member is to be elected each month in rotation. President Bellows then gave a short but spicy talk on boosting the club and the meeting closed.

Henry Gilmore, while trying to open a knife accidentally stabbed himself in the right hand. This might be taken for an excuse for his absence from Cicero, Tuesday the nineteenth, were it not for the fact that he is left-handed.

Louis Burke and Harold Kilian made their usual monthly visit to Miss Hardy's and Miss Horrigan's room Friday morning, the firteenth.

Guy Robinson spent the first two weeks of November in Northern Michigan. He reports a very good time but shot nothing except squirrels and partridges.

The Senior class gave a dancing party at Harnack's Hall, Friday evening, the fifteenth, from eigth to eleven. About thirty-five couples were present and all had a very pleasant time. Miss Dorothy Chapman was an out-of-town guest.

Arthur Erwin, Neva Greene, Henry Gilmore, and Alfreda Hutton went to the South Dakota game.

Robert Bringloe, on account of trouble with his eyes has had to discontinue school until next semester.

Lawrence Brown fractured the left blade of his knife on the fifteenth while attempting to remove a college yell from the top of his former desk in the freshman room, inscribed in the wild days of his youth.

The Y. M. C. A. held their first meeting during the first week of November to elect their officers. They are: President, Willis Bellows; vice-president, Algernon Richards; secretary, Lamar Kishlar; treasurer, Edward McRay.

Henry Gilmore and Louis Burke visited Detroit November fourteenth.

Zilpha Pearsall was absent from school the first week of November because of serious illness.

Arthur Hooper has returned to Wayne high school, which he formerly attended.

Messrs. Gorton and Davis enjoyed a visit to Detroit the ninth.

Miss Neva Greene, translating in German II; "They were about the same age but one had a larger head than the other." Although this was not the exact translation, we believe that Miss Greene had in mind the Seniors and Juniors.

Nellie Culver was out of school on account of sickness, the first week of November.

Helen Kniseley was a Detroit visitor, the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth.

A concert was given in the chapel, the first Wednesday of November, to raise money to buy some new records. Solos by Miss Ryan, Miss Murphy, and Mr. Louis James together with selections on the phonograph made up the entire program.

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If a bright idea should make you effervesce,
With laughter till you shake—
Don't say, I guess,
I think, I might,"
Sit down and write;
No, don't say, "Some day,
Somewhere, some how,"
But hand it in and do it now.

Geometry, Geometry, why dost thou mock at me?

My head is all in a jumble when I do look at thee.

It's problems in the morning;
It's problems all the night;
The pace my mind is going
Is certainly a fright.

# ATHLETICS

**Detroit Central Freshmen vs. Ypsilanti High School**

Saturday, October 26, 1912 the football representatives of the Ypsilanti High School travelled to Detroit to play the thus far undefeated team from the Freshman Class of Detroit Central High. A very "classy" team was found waiting for them, a team that had had a great many opportunities for good practice, having often lined up against the representative team of Detroit Central, a team which, until it went to Toledo and then met Muskegon, was so far unbeaten. But Saturday the 26 th of October seemed to be a Jonah day for visiting teams from Michigan. The U. of M. lost to Syracuse and Detroit Central lost to Toledo; but nevertheless it was a great day for Ypsilanti, one on which she showed how much she could do on the gridiron.

There was hard and fast play from the very beginning. The Ypsi lads had all they could do to hold the Central Freshies in the first quarter, and in the second, the Detroit boys scored a touchdown. Things looked blue enough until the last few minutes of the first half; then the Ypsi team began to move, and when the whistle blew, ending the first half, the visitors were well started toward Detroit's goal.

In the third quarter things started with the same dash and vim that had characterized the last few minutes of the first half, and in a short time the Ypsi braves, plowing huge holes in the Detroit line, and playing straight football, had shoved over a touchdown. Yet when Richards tried to kick the goal, the ball missed the posts by a fraction of a foot; and the point thus lost made it necessary for Ypsi to make another touchdown or lose the game by just one point. In the last quarter after Ypsilanti had discarded forward passes and gone back to straight ball the much-needed touchdown was made the ball being carried all the way down the field by line plunges made by Richards, Bellows or McRay. McRay, in trying for goal, again missed the kick and the score stood thus at 12 to 7 through the few remaining minutes of play..

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**Detroit Western vs. Ypsilanti High School**

The football men of Detroit Western High chased onto Ypsi's muck lot, otherwise known as Rhinehart's field, on the first day of November and promptly at three o'clock on that eventful Friday the Western Cowboys lined up against the Ypsi Pigskin Chasers with the avowed intention of beating the Ypsi bunch to a standstill.

The rains of a few days previous had soaked up the field and now as luck would not have it, it was snowing. Even under these circumstances, there was nothing slow about the game and when Western received the ball and started down the field toward Ypsi's goal, the Ypsi lads saw, plainly, that something serious was going to happen in the first few minutes of play, if the rush of the Westerners was not stopped. But when the Cowboys got to Ypsi's three-yard line, the Ypsi line suddenly woke up and got some of that old time fight and fire worked up and then when Western tried to rush over with a touchdown they failed miserably and Ypsi obtained the ball on their own three-yard line.

Again Richards booted the ball out of danger as he has done so often before, especially in the first few minutes of play, at which period the Ypsi team work looks like a minus quantity.

But one of the Western men hurried back down the field with the ball and again that same series of end runs and line bucks were started, which played so much havoc with the Ypsi forwards. Yet when the ball was on Ypsi's 15-yard line the Western quarter called signals for a forward pass. "Tall Boy" Bellows saw the ball coming, stretched a few feet, caught the ball from the Heavens, and started the parade toward the Cowboys' goal. For the next few minutes Ypsi undid all manner of plays and most of these gained anywhere from five to fifteen yards either through the Western line or around their ends. Now the Cowboys showed some real fight and in the next few plays they were doing their best to keep the Ypsi braves from getting over their goal but when McRay handled the ball on three successive plays something was sure to happen and the result was that he placed the ball on Western's one-foot line. Again the fates intervened, helping the Cowboys from their predicament. Before Proctor could call signals for the next play the whistle blew and the first half was over.

In the third quarter the two teams see-

sawed back and forth over the center of the field, but in the fourth quarter, with but a few more minutes of play, McRay received the ball, fumbled by one of the Western men and ran for a touchdown. Richards kicked goal and in the few remaining minutes of play the score stood at 7 to 0.

Unfortunately the line-up has been lost.

### Detroit Central Scrubs vs. Ypsilanti High School

The game between Detroit Central Scrubs and Y. H. S. was played Friday, November 15, 1912 on Rhinehart's lot. The field was very muddy but sharply at 3:00 p. m. the game was begun.

The toss was won by Capt. McRay of Ypsi who received the kickoff. The ball was run back and forth over the center of the field during the whole of the first quarter, and at the end of the first session the count was 0 to 0.

The whole game was marked by good clean playing, especially, on the part of the Detroit team, while their fine interference made great gains for them on their long end runs.

The second quarter started with a rush, and after a few minutes of play the Detroit men were able, by a series of line plunges and forward passes, to place the ball on Ypsi's 15-yard line. From there a pretty end run by Grau netted the first touchdown. The first forward pass that Ypsi attempted after the next kick had been received, went wild and was received by Westbrook, who scored the second touchdown in quick time.

Again in the last quarter the Detroit lads got busy and finally, to finish the mill, they slipped over one more touchdown and during the remaining minutes of play the score stood at 21 to 0, since all of the goals were successfully kicked.

The line-up: Detroit Scrubs—Westbrook, LE; Wilson, LT; Brodt, LG; Boville, C; Kampf, RG; Miller, RT; Calvin-Clark, RE; Hartman-Calvin, Q; Grou-Craig, RH; Ives, FB.

Ypsi—Eddy-Minor, LE; Campbell, LT; Sherzer, LG; Voohees, C; Thayer, RG; Minor-Jefferson, RT; Robinson-Bassett, RE; Proctor, Q; Richards, LH; Bellows, RH; McRay (Capt.) Maulbetsch, FB.

### Ypsilanti High School vs. Alumni

The annual Alumni game was played Saturday, November 9 on Rhinehart's field.

Both teams were strong but the lack of practice and training of the Alumni made it necessary that ten minute quarters be played an dfifteen minutes between the halves, which tended to string out a long, wordy game into a still longer one.

Their were hardly any gains made through either line but after a series of end runs in the second quarter a pass was made from W. Davis on Ypsi's 20-yard line, to S. Crouse. The pass was completed and thus the Alumni netted their only touchdown. Crouse kicked the goal and at the end of the first half the score stood 7 to 0 in favor of the Alumni.

The game up to this point was marked by more talking than real football and in the last quarter Richards and Sherzer were put out of the game. The admitted stealing of the ball by the Alumni was the chief point of contention during the whole game while the royal work of Sherzer and the tackling of Crouse were the only features in the match.

In the last quarter a touchdown was made by McRay and, when he attempted to kick the goal, the ball went high, making a close goal very hard to be decided by the referee who denied the point and left the Alumni with one point to the good.

The line-up: Alumni—Brooks, LE; Rohn, LT; Sherzer-Moorman, LG; Jefferson, C; Harvey-Bassett, RG; Davis, RT; Colvan, RE; Morrison (Capt.) Q; Crossman, RH; Cooney, RH; McKay, FB.

Ypsi, '12—Minor, LE; Campbell, LT; Sherzer, LG; Voohees, C; Tefft-Eddy, RG; Thayer-Bassett, RT; O. ROBINSON, RE; Proctor, Q; Richards, LH; Bellows, RH; McRay, FB.

Steimle—referee. Rynearson—umpire. Hull—timekeeper.

### Ypsi Freshmen vs. Sophomores

Anyone who missed the annual Fresh-Soph. game was absent from one of the best class games that has been played in several seasons.

The game was played at Prospect Park under great disadvantage, since the old field was undersized, and, as a result, the men were not able to get into the same kind of action that they would be able to on a regulation sized field. The goal posts were low and the field was narrow, yet, under these circumstances the game was played in fine style.

The principle features of the game were the forward passes worked by the Sophomores, most of which were received by "Babe" Fletcher. R. Reader's famous line plunges showed up well for considerable gains in this game

while B. Eddy the captain of the Freshmen and likely candidate for guard or tackle on the Y team for '13, was the star of the Freshmen team.

The game was full of life and ginger and more than once the Sophomores braced their line just as the Freshies were about to push by with a touchdown and when the Sophs did get the ball it was almost always necessary that they punt the ball out of their territory.

Almost all of the fellows on the two teams have the finest chances of making the Y team for next year. Most of the players this year are Seniors, but with such a bunch of promising material, it is easily foreseen, that Coach Hull will not have to worry any about plenty of real football men to make up his machine for next year.

The line-up: Freshmen—Wilbur, LE; Stockdale, LT; Hagle, LG; Ashton, C; Platt, RG; Miller, RT; Norton, RE; R. Bird, Q; Murphy, LH; King, RH; Eddy (Capt.) FB.

Sophomores—Burton, LE; Darling, LT; Sherzer, LG; Tenny, C; F. Davis, RG; A. Norton, RT; Gard Miller, RE; L. Miller, Q; Luskins, LH; Fletcher, RH; Reader (Capt.) FB.

# J O S H E S

Who is it that chews gum from morn 'till night
And leaves it 'round in places of sight
Just where sister's beau sits down at night,
My brother.

——:o:——

D. B.: "What music are they to have at the Senior dance?"

Q. B.: "Why Gabo's Band, of course."

——:o:——

H. Glover: "I expect to leave foot-prints on the sands of time."

W. Gorton: "It takes sand to do that."

——:o:——

Clark: "This book will do half your studies for you."

Bellows: "Give me two."

——:o:——

Miss H. to people sharpening pencils: "Please come to the point as soon as possible."

——:o:——

H. Cook: "What was that loud noise I heard in chapel this morning?"

G. Schultes: "Don't you know?"

H. Cook: "No, but it drowned out the choir."

G. S.: "Oh, that was the Cerise Band.

——:o:——

Mr. Arbaugh (to Freshman): "In case of fire Do Not Run!"

Wise Senior: "No use, green material doesn't burn."

——:o:——

F. H. to H. G. as the door bell rings: "Just hug the radiator 'till I come back."

"Johnny," inquired the S. S. teacher, "What did Simon say?"

Quick as a flash came the answer, "Simon says 'Thumbs up.'"

——:o:——

Bishop Goodman (impressively): "Only think, children! In Africa there are 10,000,000 square miles of territory without a single Sunday school where little boys and girls can spend their Sundays. Now, what should we all try and save up our money and do?"

Class (in ecstatic union): "Go to Africa."

——:o:——

### An Extravagant Wife

Rastus had been looking blue for the last week and his employer did not know what was the matter.

"Rastus," said the employer, "What is the matter with you? Why have you been looking so blue? Are you sick?"

"No, sah," said Rastus. "I'se not sick. It's my wife. She's so 'stravagant. She's always wantin' money. She wants a dolla' den she wants another dolla', and so it goes."

"Well, Rastus, what does she do with all of this money?"

"To tell the truth, boss, I ain't give her none yet."—National Monthly.

——:o:——

Miss Horrigan (in Eng. III when Philip reads two rapidly): "What! you wouldn't go off and leave me like that without even throwing me a life preserver, would you?"

Boyce, (somewhat aside): "Oh, you won't need one, you'll float."

Schmile und die worldt schmiles
Laugh und die worldt mit you will roar
Howl und die worldt will leave you
Und never come back any more.
Not of all you could have been handsome
Not all of you have good clothes
But a schmile is not agspensive
Und it covers a worldt of woes.

——:o:——

"What did you do, James, when Edward called you a liar?" asked the teacher.

"I remembered what you said; that a soft answer turneth away wrath," replied James.

"Good boy; what soft answer did you make?" queried the interested teacher.

"Why I hit him with a tomato."—Ex.

——:o:——

Miss T.: "'Explain the silence sank like music on my heart.'"

L. L.: "These men who were dead sang."

——:o:——

Little three-year-old Mabel went out for a walk with her father one morning, and as they started to return her father asked: "Shall we walk back, Mabel, or take a street car?" "I'd razzer walk," she replied, "If 'ou will tarry me."

——:o:——

Boarder (warmly): "Oh, I know every one of the tricks of your trade. Do you think I have lived in boarding houses twenty years for nothing?"

Landlady (frigidly): "I shouldn't be at all surprised."

——:o:——

Small Brother (enthusiastically): "Oh, Grandma, Harry broke the record at the college contest!"

Grandma: "Well, I declare. That boy is always breaking something. What will it cost to fix it, or will he have to get a new one?"

——:o:——

TRY IT, BUT QUICKLY

Betty Botter bought some butter.
"But," she said, "this butter's bitter;
If I put it in my batter,
It will make my batter bitter.
But a bit of better butter
Will but make my batter better."
So she bought a bit o' butter
Better than the bitter butter,
And made her bitter batter better,
So 'twas better Betty Botter
Bought a bit of better butter.

**Merry and Wise**

"Remember, my son, that beauty is only skin deep," warned the Sage.

"That's deep enough for me," replied the young man. "I'm no cannibal."

——:o:——

Grateful Patient—Doctor, how can I ever repay you for your kindness to me?

Doctor—Doesn't matter, old man. Check, money order, or cash.

——:o:——

If a body meet a body
In the halls at school;
Should a body snub a body
To obey the "No-talk" rule?

——:o:——

A LIVING DEATH

Our Janitor—we pity him,
As all good people must,
For every morn, the poor good man
Again returns to dust.

——:o:——

"Say, grandpa, make a noise like a frog," coaxed little Tommy.

"What for, my son?"

"Why, papa says that when you croak we'll get five thousand dollars."—Success Magazine.

——:o:——

Bob: "Hello! I'm awfully glad to see you!"

Dick: "I guess there must be some mistake; I don't owe you anything, and I'm not in a condition to place you in a position to owe me anything."

——:o:——

"I am no good unless I strike," said the match.

"And you lose your head every time you strike," said the box.

——:o:——

The 10c stores most everywhere
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——:o:——

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